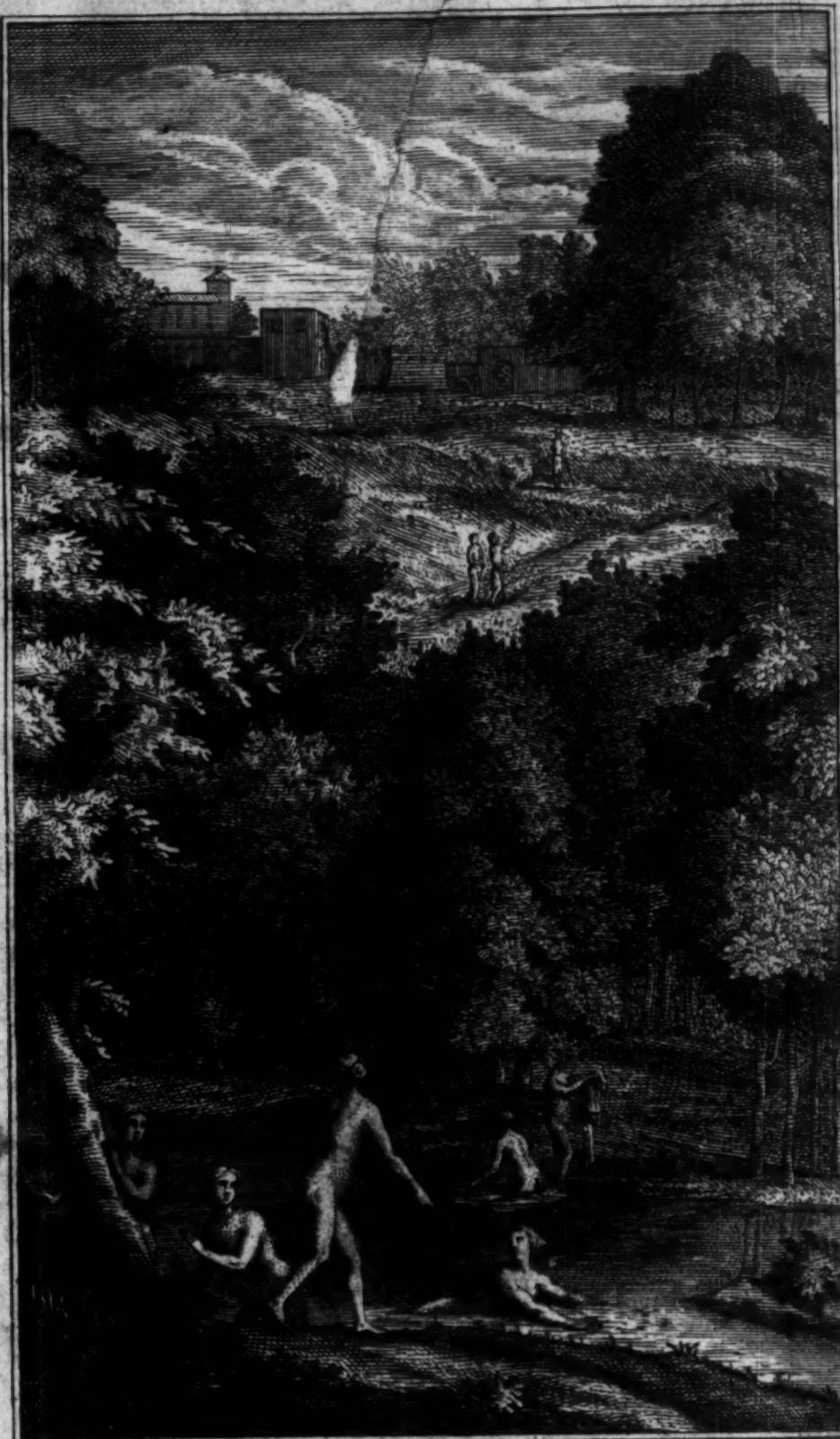


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Windsor Forrest.

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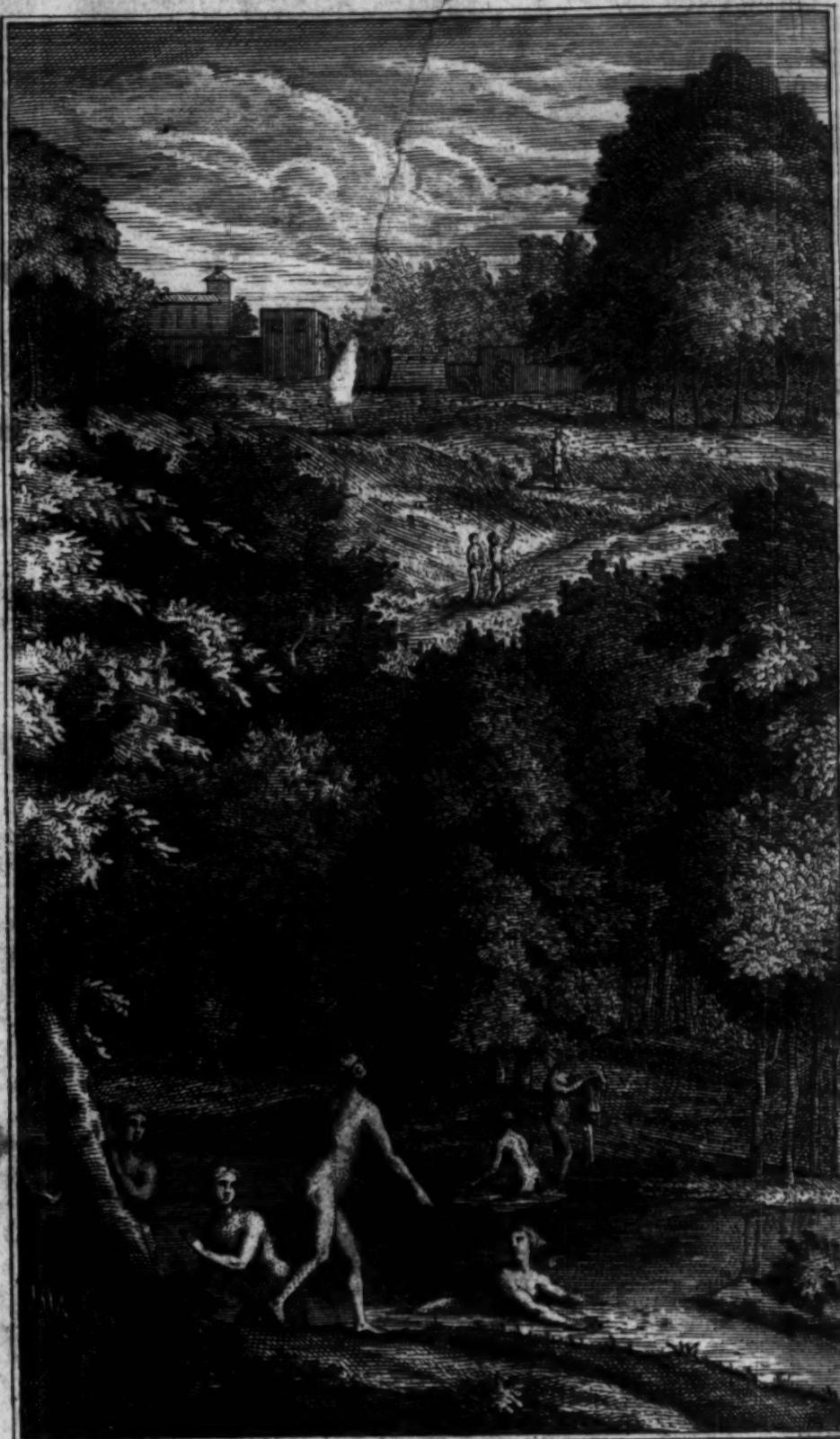
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Windsor Forrest.

Lud. Cheron inv.

Sam'l gribelin Jun' Sculp.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable.

991. h 25
2

G E O R G E

Lord L A N S D O W N .

By Mr. POPE.

*Non injussa cano : Te nostræ Vare myricæ
Te Nemus omne canet ; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

The FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT at the Cross Keys between
the Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet. 1720.

INDIA'S GOLD

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WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable
GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY Forests, *Windſor!* and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present sylvan Maids!
Unlock your Springs, and open all your Shades:
Granville commands; your aid O Muses bring!
What Muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing?
The Groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:

These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,

Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,

Here earth and water seem to strive again;

Not *Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd,

But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

Where order in variety we see,

And where, tho all things differ, all agree.

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,

And part admit, and part exclude the day;

As some coy nymph her lover's warm addrefs

Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs:

There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,

Thin trees arise that ſhun each others shades.

Here in full light the rufſet plains extend;

There wrapt in clouds the blueiſh hills ascend:

WINDSOR FOREST. 7

Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the fable waste adorn.
Let *India* boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our Oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See *Pan* with Flocks, with fruits *Pomona* crown'd,
Here blushing *Flora* paints th'enamel'd Ground,
Here *Ceres'* gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;

8 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a *Stuart* reigns.

Not thus the Land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and * savage laws a prey,
And Kings more furious and fevere than they ;
Who claim'd the Skies, dispeopled air and floods
The lonely Lords of empty wilds and woods.
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser Brutes were backward to be slaves.)
What could be free, when lawleſs beasts obey'd
And ev'n the Elements a Tyrant sway'd ?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and Suns grew warm in vain;

* *The Forest Laws.*

The

* William

WINDSOR-FOREST. 9

The swain with tears to beasts his labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
No wonder savages or subjects slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ;
Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,
But subjects starv'd while savages were fed.
Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The * fields are ravish'd from th'industrious swains,
From Men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked Temples roar;

* Alluding to the new forest, and the tyrannies exercis'd there by William the first.

Round

10 WINDSOR FOREST.

Round broken Columns clasping Ivy twin'd,
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And wolves with howling fill the sacred Quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Common curst,
Th'oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;
Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his iron rod,
And treats alike his Vassals and his God :
Whom ev'n the *Saxon* spar'd, and bloody *Dane*,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see the man who spacious regions gave
A Waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his * second hope survey,
At once the chaser and at once the prey.

* Richard, *second son of William the Conqueror.*

WINDSOR-FOREST. II

Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
Succeeding Monarchs heard the subjects cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th'unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious Swain.
Fair Liberty, *Britannia's Goddess*, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous Swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits fwell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the Partridge feeds,

12 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;
Secure they trust th'unfaithful field, beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When *Albion* sends her eager Sons to war,
Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's sight, the host lie down
Sudden, before some unsuspecting town,
The captive Race, one instant makes our prize,
And high in air *Britannia's* standard flies.

See ! from the brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

WINDSOR-FOREST. 13

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny:
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare.
(Beasts, taught by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With slaught'ring guns th'unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.

Oft,

14 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Oft', as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden death :
Oft', as the mounting Larks their notes prepare,
~~on~~ They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breath along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand ;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply ;
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of *Tyrian* die,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trout, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

WINDSOR-FOREST. 15

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phæbus'* fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war;
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rowze the fleet Hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And 'ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old *Arcadia* boast her ample plain,
Th'immortal huntress, and her virgin train,
Nor envy, *Windsor!* since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;

Whose

16 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,

The earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here, as old Bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd,

Bath'd in the springs, or sought the cooling shade;

Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,

Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,

Thy offspring, *Thames!* the fair *Lodona* nam'd,

(*Lodona's* fate, in long oblivion cast,

The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)

Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,

But by the crescent and the golden zone:

She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;

A belt her waste, a fillet binds her hair,

A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,

And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.

WINDSOR FOREST. 17

It chanc'd, as eager of the chace the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight encreas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling Doves;
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind his sounding steps she hears,
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
(His shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.

It

B

In

18 WINDSOR FOREST.

In vain on father *Thames* she calls for aid,
Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathles, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
“ Ah *Cynthia*! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
“ Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
“ My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the * name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft' the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.

* *The River Leddon.*

WINDSOR-FOREST 19

Oft' in her glass the Musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green.
Thro' the fair scene rowl flow the ling'ring streams
Then foaming, pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.
Thou too, great father of the *British* floods!
With joyful pride survey our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring Oaks their spreading honours rear,
And future Navies on thy banks appear.
Not *Neptune's* self from all his floods receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so full no streams appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.

Oft'

div

B 2

Nec

20 WINDSOR FOREST

Not fabled Po more swells the Poet's lays,
While thro' the skies his shining current strays,
Than thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his stars a brighter lustre show,
Than the fair nymphs that gild thy shore below:
Here Jove himself, subdued by beauty still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves;
Happy next him who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physick spoils the fields:

With

WINDSOR FOREST. 21

With chymic art exalts the min'r'al powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs.
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye.
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er.
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wife and good,
T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end.
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatriate in the skies,
Amidst her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great *Scipio* once admir'd,
Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd.

22 WINDSOR FOREST.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bles,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
Of bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To *Thames*'s banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on *Cooper's* hill.
(On *Cooper's* hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow.)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
And hear soft musick dye along the grove;
Led by the sound I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like Poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestick *Denham* sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from * *Cowley's* tongue.

* Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey on the borders of the Forest, and was
from thence convey'd to Westminster.

O early

WINDSOR FOREST. 23

O early lost! what tears the River shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heay'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, nor groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where Cowley strung,
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats,
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;

24 WINDSOR FOREST.

To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver Star.
Here noble * *Surrey* felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the *Granville* of a former age;
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance;
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance.
In the same shades the *Cupids* tun'd his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
Fair *Geraldine*, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what Heroes *Windsor* bore,
What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
Or raise old Warriors whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!

* Henry Howard E. of *Surrey*, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flouris'd in the time of Henry the VIIIth.

With

WINDSOR-FOREST 25

With ^{*} Edward's acts adorn the shining pages of T
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age; and bna
Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The Lillies blazing on the regal shield. (Opere et ambo)
Then, from her Roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall; yet in this an' vno H
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. (Opere et ambo) H
Let softer strains ill-fated † Henry mourn, (Opere et ambo) A
And Palms eternal flourish round his urn. (Opere et ambo)
Here o'er the martyr-King the marble weeps, (Opere et ambo) A
And fast beside him, once fear'd † Edward sleeps: (Opere et ambo)
Whom not th'extended Albion could contain, (Opere et ambo) A
From old Belerium to the Northern main, (Opere et ambo) IO

* Edward III. born here. † Henry VI. ‡ Edward IV.

26 WINDSOR FOREST

The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest!
Make sacred *Charles's* tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone)
Oh fact accurst! what tears has *Albion* shed,
Heav'ns what new wounds! and how her old have bled?
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful Series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great *Anna* said—Let discord cease!
She said, the World obey'd, and all was Peace!
In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
Old father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam;

Gray'd

WINDSOR-FOREST. 27

Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the Moon that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tydes;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on their banks *Augusta* rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
That swell with tributary urns his flood.
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding *Iris* and the fruitful *Tame*:
The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd:
The *Loddon* slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose clear streams his flowry islands lave;
And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;
The gulphy *Lee* his sedgy tresses rears:
And fullen *Mole* that hides his diving flood;
And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* blood.

28 WINDSOR FOREST

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
Where *Windfor* domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forgot to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That *Thames's* glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' *Tyber's* streams immortal *Rome* behold,
Tho' foaming *Hermus* swells with tydes of gold,
From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold *Nilus* flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let *Volga's* banks with Iron squadrons shine,
And groves of Lances glitter on the *Rhine*,

Let

WINDSOR FOREST. 29

Let barbarous *Ganges* arm a servile train; *Vulcan* and *T*
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign. *ablow on* *T*
No more my sons shall dye with *British* blood *pro* *T*
Red *Iber's* sands, or *Ister's* foaming flood; *O* *thee more* *more* *T*
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain *as* *is* *T* *yd* *T*
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain; *ba* *A*
The shady empire shall retain no trace *Best* *Barbary's* *a* *sister* *island* *is* *T*
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace, *to* *T*
The trumpets sleep, while cheerful horns are blown, *T*
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone. *W* *pece* *cl* *ca* *re* *o* *T*
Behold! th'ascending *Villa's* on my side, *Or* *under* *so* *the* *ro* *ad* *in* *o* *T*
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tyde. *T* *ey* *pa* *ne* *o* *T*
Behold! *Augusta's* glitt'ring spires increase, *To* *the* *te* *pe* *ce* *o* *T*
And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace. *T* *pe* *ce* *o* *T*
I see, I see where two fair Cities bend *ba* *A*
Their ample bow, a new *White-hall* ascend! *ba* *A*

Let

There

30 WINDSOR FOREST.

There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The worlds great Oracle in times to come;
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a *British* Queen.

Thy Trees, fair *Windsor*! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear *Britain's* thunder, and her Cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under Southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and born by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral reddens, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And *Phœbus* warm the ripening ore to gold.

end T

The

WINDSOR-FOREST. 31

The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tyde,
And Seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
Whose naked youth and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire.
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;
Till the freed *Indians* in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and wooc their sable Loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other *Mexico*'s be roof'd with gold.

32 WINDSOR FOREST.

Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there.
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roars, Rebellion bites her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.
Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd days
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days.
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,

Bizzi

Where

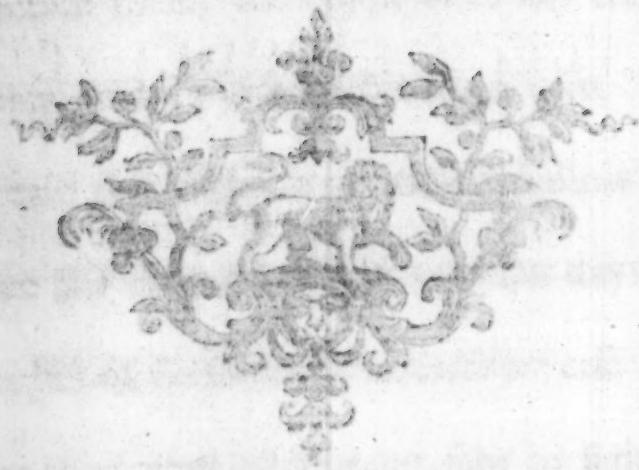
WINDSOR-FOREST. 19

Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise ;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.



MINDOLOGY

Wise people get along with less effort
And masters produce from their gods-like mind
Even more peaceful life by virtue
Belonging to the divine trade with equal ability
Enough for me, that is the full mind's witness
Let us, the people, turn the lamp of science



M E S S I A H.

A

Sacred Eclogue, &c.

C 2

M E 2 2 A H

Sacred Eclogue

The

De

Wh

ill



M E S S I A H.

A

Sacred Eclogue,

In imitation of Virgil's Pollio.



E Nymphs of *Solyma!* begin the song:

To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong;

The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,

The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,

Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire

Who touch'd *Isaiah's* hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun,
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,

Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies ;
 Th'Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.

Ye † heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning ** Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.

* Isaiah, chap. 11. v. 1. † Chap. 45. v. 8. ‡ Chap. 25. v. 4.

** Chap. 9. v. 7.

Swift

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastens her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty * *Lebanon* his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Saron* rise,
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desart chears;
 Prepare the † way! a God, a God appears;
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo Earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise:

* Chap. 35. v. 2.

* Chap. 40. v. 3, 4.

With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
Hear * him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
'Tis he th'obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th'unfolding ear.
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe :
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear :
In † adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th'eternal wound.

* Chap. 42. v. 18. Chap. 35. v. 5, 6.

† Chap. 25. v. 8.

PASTORALS. 41

As the good * shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd † father of the future age.
No more ‡ shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.

* Chap. 40. v. 11.

† Chap. 9. v. 6.

‡ Chap. 2. v. 4.

Then palaces shall rise; the joyful * Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun; book 2d. 2A
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field. yd
 The swain in barren † desarts with surprize book 3d. 1T
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise, I molt abso
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear dust and T
 New falls of water murmur'ring in his ear: blaimorq. 2d. T
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes, R. 2d. 1V
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods. as. 10V
 Waste sandy ‡ vallies, once perplex'd with thorn, 1. 10V
 The spiry firr and shapely box adorn; and nowid adT
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed, stein 10B
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed. ord. 2d. 1V

* Chap. 65. v. 21, 22.
 v. 19. and Chap. 55. v. 13.

† Chap. 35. v. 1, 7.

‡ Chap. 41.

PASTORALS 43

The * lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the Tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless † serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their fork'y tongue and pointless sting shall play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ‡ *Salem* rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long ** race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

* Chap. rr. v. 6, 7, 8. † Chap. 65. v. 25. ‡ Chap. 60. v. 1.

** Chap. 60. v. 4.

See barb'rous * nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
And heap'd with products of † *Sabæan* springs!
For thee *Idume*'s spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in *Ophyr*'s mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising † Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One Tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: The Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

* Chap. 60. v. 3.

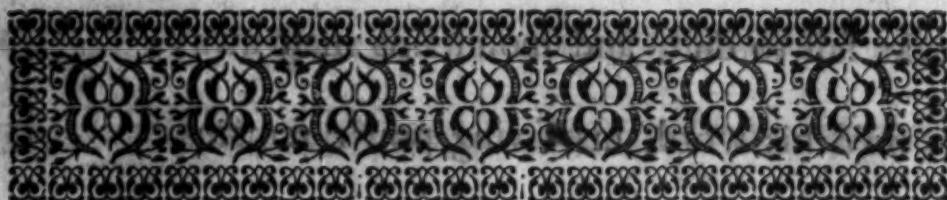
† Chap. 60. v. 6.

‡ Chap. 60. v. 19, 20.

The * seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains,
Thy Realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!

* Chap. 51. v. 6. and Chap. 54. v. 10.





ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet *Isaiah*, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of *Virgil*. This will not seem surprizing when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a *Sibylline* prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that *Virgil* did not copy it line by line, but selected such Ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and dispos'd them in that manner which serv'd most to beautify his piece. I have endeavour'd the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader by comparing the several thoughts might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of *Isaiah*, and those of *Virgil*, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

A Virgin

AVDA

A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.

VIR. E. 4. ¶ 6. Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
 Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto—
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras—
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wip'd away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.

ISAIAH, Ch. 7. ¶ 14. Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son—Ch. 9. ¶ 6, 7. Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; The Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his Peace, there shall be no end: Upon the Throne of David, and upon his Kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.

See Nature hastes, &c.

VIR. E. 4. ¶ 18. At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce early offerings; winding Ivy, with Baccar

Baccar and Colocasia mix'd with smiling Acanthus,
Thy Cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about
thee.

ISAIAH, Ch. 35. v. 1. The wilderness and the so-
litary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice
and blossom as the rose. Ch. 60. v. 13. The glory of
Lebanon shall come unto thee, the firr-tree, the pine-
tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of
thy Sanctuary.

Hark! a glad Voice, &c. &c.

(honores,

VIRG. E. 4. v. 48. Aggredere o magnos, aderit jam tempus,
Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca. E. 5. v. 62.

Ob come and receive the mighty honours: The time
draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great
encrease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send
shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse,
the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!

ISAIAH, Ch. 40. v. 3, 4. The voice of him that crieth
in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!
make strait in the desert a high way for our God!
Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain
and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be
made strait, and the rough places plain, Ch. 4.
v. 23. Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O for-
est, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath re-
deemed Israel.

The

The Swain in barren deserts, &c.

VIRG. E. 4. v. 28. Molli paulatim flavesget campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva;
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

The field shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard Oaks shall distil honey like dew.

ISAIAH, Ch. 35. v. 7. *The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass and reeds and rushes.* Ch. 55. v. 13. *Instead of the thorn shall come up the firr-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.*

The lambs with wolves, &c.

VIR. E. 4. v. 21. Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba veneni
Occidet—

The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.

ISAIAH, Ch. 11. v. 16. *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox, And the sucking*

child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.

Rise crown'd with light, &c.

The thoughts that follow to the end of the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of *Virgil* which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

*Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo!
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia saeclo! Sc.*

The reader needs only turn to the passages of *Isaiah*, as they are cited in the margins of the preceding Eclogue.



To

Killala in the County of Mayo
in Ireland, June 7. 1715.

To Mr. POPE on his WINDSOR- FOREST.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* shore,
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And *Windsor's* gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And *India* pour'd her gaudy treasures here;
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The Pride of *Persia* glitter'd on our strand,
And *China's* Earth was cast on common sand.
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: And now we boast

A nobler Cargo on our barren coast.

From thy luxuriant Forest we receive

More lasting glories than the East can give.

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,

What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!

The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,

Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.

Nor half so true the fair *Lodona* shows

The sylvan state that on her border grows,

While she the wondring shepherd entertains

With a new *Windsor* in her watry plains:

Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpasse;

The living scene is in the Muse's glass.

Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests clear,

When *Philomela* sings and warbles there,

Than

Than when you sing the greens, and opening glades
 And give us Harmony as well as Shades.

A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
 Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
 A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
 And give at once the day, at once the night!
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
 And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom;
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
 Where woods and brooks; and breathing fields inspire!
 Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
 I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
 Here on the Western beach attempt to chime!
 O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main!
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
 Let me ne'er flow like thee! nor make thy stream
 My sad example, or my wretched theme.
 Like bombast now thy raging billows roar,
 And vainly dash themselves against the shore:
 About like quibbles now thy froth is thrown,
 And all extremes are in a moment shown.

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
 And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant Bow'rs;
 Or to my much-lov'd *Iris* walks convey,
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay:
 Thence let me view the venerable scene,
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green;
 There sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
 And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store,
 And made that music which was noise before.
 There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
 Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise;
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode.
 The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day.

They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd

That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.

Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:

Who cou'd hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,

I rise, and wander thro' the field or plain;

Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,

Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.

Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy

On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;

His gawdy robes in dazzling lines appear,

And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by,

But while the prancing steed allures my eye,

He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly

O'er

O'er hills and dales ; and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
 Oh cou'd thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
 He'd view a courser that might match his own !
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
 Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale ?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail ;
 The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.
 Nor shall thy song, old *Thames* ! forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.
 Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britains* more
 Than all their shouts for Victory before.
 Oh ! cou'd *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
 The world should tremble at her awful name.

From various springs divided waters glide,
 In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tyde,
 Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur and enrich the Isle;
 A while distinct thro' many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
 And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

Fr. Knapp.



BOOKS